

Fear-Chapter 1

by Erin05

Category: Dawson's Creek

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-05 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-05 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:11:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,856

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jen broke up with Henry. Big mistake.

Fear-Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I don't own the characters (with the exceptions of Dylan and Amaya) so please don't sue me! If you want to, you can use the characters of Amaya and Dylan for any fic you want, as long as you drop me a line. Rating: Right now, PG-13 with strong language. It could get uglier. Feedback: Please, give me as much as you can! E-mail me at dramaclub01@hotmail.com ----- Fear Chapter 1 -----

Well, I guess I'm done for the night." Jen Lindley commented as she put away her book. She glanced at Jack, who was engrossed in studying for his 11th grade benchmark test.

"Umm... yeah." Jack mumbled, still looking at the book he was studying.

Jen put her hand on Jack's shoulder. Jack's face jerked up to her. "Jack, I really want to tell you something."

"Sure," he closed the textbook he was studying, "what is it, Jen?"

"I'm breaking up with Henry." Jen deadpanned.

Jack's eyes went wide, "Jen, are you kidding me?"

Jen looked down. "I wish this was all some joke meant to cause serious teenage angst, but I'm afraid that is not the case."

"But why? You and Henry are like the golden couple of the school!"

"We're the gilded couple, not golden. As in, the outside is gold, but on

the inside it's not. I tried really hard to make everything work between us, but that's not happening." Jen informed Jack.

"What happened?" Jack was not able to stop gaping. Jen and Henry had been dating for a year now, ever since Capefest '98. There they had hooked up. Jack himself had met a would-be suitor there named Ethan. They had tried to date a while, but the chemistry was missing so they decided to just be friends.

Jen signed. "When we first started going out, I loved being with him. Henry's so sweet, and kind, and loveable. Being around him made me feel so...alive. He brought out something in me that I thought I had lost a long time ago."

"He has that affect on everyone."

Jen smiled weakly. "Yeah, he does. And I really loved it when he was around, because he made me feel the happiest I've ever felt before. And for a long time, that was all I ever needed."

"So..."

"I realize now that I don't LOVE Henry. I just loved being WITH him. I wanted to his presence around me, but I never truely was in love with him. I tried to convince myself that I love him, but I can't. And that moment of clarification has seriously screwed everything up. I can't stay with him anymore. That's for sure. But how can I break off a relationship that has lasted for an entire year of my life? How can I look into Henry's beautiful innocent eyes and tell him it's over?" With that, Jen started to cry.

Jack put his strong arms around Jen, who was sobbing now. He rocked her gently back and forth at a soothing rhythm until her sobs began to quiet down. "Shh, shh. Look, Jen, there's no use crying over things you can't change or control. Jen, you don't need to be guilty about this. It was not your fault this is happening. If you had stayed with Henry then you two would have eventually ended up miserable. By breaking up with him now, you are doing both of yourselves a favour."

"You think so?", Jen asked, trying to regain her composure, "I probaly look like a quivering adolescent mess, don't I?" She asked with a laugh.

Jack shoot his head. "Nope. You'll look beautiful no matter what."

"Nice ego-booster there." She leaned against Jack, and they stayed that way for a few hours.

\*\*\* Capeside High

"Hey, Jen!" Amaya Finley greeted Jen, running over to where she was standing.

Jen smiled fondly at the girl. Amaya was a sophomore with a very rich mother that had moved here just before the end of the summer. She was a nice girl despite her affluent background, and the 2 had become good friends. The funniest thing about that is that she resembled Joey Potter to a great extent. Sadly, Joey had died during the early spring of their junior year. "Hey, Amaya. So, where's your better half?" Jen

asked, referring to Amaya's annoyingly perfect boyfriend. He was one of those extremely smart and artistic people with big blue eyes and long brown hair that flopped messily into his eyes.

"Dyl's over there with Henry. They are probaly in yet another argument about whether or not football is a useful soprt." Amaya said, rolling her eyes.

This was her chance. "Thanks, Amaya." Jen waved at her, then began to walk towards Henry.

Henry's eyes lit up when he saw her. "Jen!" He hugged her and gave her a kiss.

"Umm, Henry, do you mind it if we could go over to the oak tree by the parking lot?"

"There's something I want to tell you."

Henry smiled. "Sure!"

The two appraoched their destination.

"So, what is it that you wanted to tell me?"

Jen took a deep breath. "I want to break up with you."

By now, everyone in earshot was staring at them and whispering madly. Henry remained silent. He just looked at her, as if he didn't understand what she had said.

"Henry, I said that I want to break up. I'm so sorry, Henry, but we aren't right together and I do not want this relationship to last anymore. It's not your fault, it's all me, and I wish you the best of luck." Jen said firmly, but in a gentle manner.

Finally, Henry spoke. "Oh, okay. I understand. Can we still be friends though?" Henry asked lamely.

Jen smiled brightly at him. She was surprised at how well this was going. "Sure, Henry. I'll see you later, okay?"

"That's fine."

Jen started to walk away from him. When she reached the entrance, Amaya pratically pounced on her.

"Ohmigod, Jen! I can't believe you broke up with him! That's like, so weird!" Amaya exclaimed.

"Yeah, it is, isn't?"

"God, I thought you two were like me and Dyl!" Amaya continued.

"Guess I'm not that blessed. Look, I really don't feel like talking about this, okay?"

"Sure." Amaya said slowly. She tossed back her long brown hair and played with the cuffs of her tailored shirt.

20 feet away, Henry watched Jen in a trance. To ease all the fury boiling inside him, he punced the tree, not even noticing the pain.

You and me We used to be together Everyday together I really feel That I'm losing My best friend I can't believe This could be The end Don't speak! I know just what your saying Don't tell me 'cause it hurts--- "Ugh, I do not need to listen to a song that even slightly paraells my current situation with Henry." Jen said with a disgusted groan as she flipped off her radio.

Jen and Amaya were lounging about in Jen's room. It was about a half hour after school let out, and Jen had invited Amaya to spend the night.

"Was today that bad?" Amaya asked.

"Today. Was. A. Living. Hell." Jen grumbled. In many aspects, she was right. News of her dumping Henry had spread through the gossip-hungry students of Capeside High like wildfire. She was asked by a plethora of girls why she would kick the most perfect guy in school to the curb, and with the exception of her guy friends all of the males there treated her with cold contempt. Nearly everyone was siding with Henry, as Jen was viewed as a manipulative heartbreaker. One person even had the nerve to call her a cruel bitch to her face.

"Hey, it'll blow over. High school kids are fickle. Anywayz, I hear a bunch of computer hackers are planning to start a rumour by doctoring a very compromising photo of Grant Bodine and Warren Gary. Can you just IMAGINE the possibilties?" Amaya said, a wicked gleam in her blue eyes.

Jen regarded this dismissively. "Amaya, I'm going through a personal crisis. My entire life is on the edge of collapse. Do you think I'm really gonna give one ##### about some plan to destroy 2 lives by means of ugly gossip?"

Amaya looked taken aback. "Sorry." She grumbled.

Jen felt guilty instantly. "It's okay, Amaya. I'm not exactly in the best mood right now. My pseudo-PMS will wear off some, I promise you that. Man though, right now I really wish I could be you. You have like the perfect life."

"No one has a perfect life, Jen."

"Name one problem you have."

Amaya thought for moment. "Well, I have to choose between getting a Lexus or a Mercedes when I recieve my driver's permit."

Jen snorted. "What kind of problem is that?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right. But when I do have real problems, I'd like to be able to come to you. And have you be the the shoulder I cry on." Amaya said sincerely.

Jen smiled widely as sentimentality took over. "Ohh, come here!" Jen and

Amaya shared a sisterly hug. Amaya was like the best friend Jen ever had.

There was a knock on the door. "May I come in Jennifer?" A voice said from behind it.

"Sure, Grams." Jen yelled.

The door swung open, and Grams strode in. She was carrying a unbelievable cute orange Tabby kitten in her hands. "I'd thought I would give you a surprise."

Jen's eyes went wide as she accepted the kitten. "Oh, god, Grams. This is such an adorable kitty! Why did you get me this?"

Grams grinned warmly and touched Jen's shoulder fondly. "Last night, when you informed me that you would no longer be courting Henry Parker, I decided you could use a nice little pet to go through this transitional phase. You have expressed interest in having a kitten before, so I thought this might cheer you up. There's a bag of supplies you will need downstairs."

"Well, thanks Grams." Jen said, beaming. She stroked the kitten across the back.

"You are welcome, Jen. I hope this kitten will make this new chapter in your life happier." She turned and left the room.

Amaya looked at the cat adoringly. "She's such a beautiful kitten! What are you going to call her?"

"I'm gonna call her Joanie. You know, after the singer. She's my hero."

"That's great. So, are you ready to face the world, Joanie?" Amaya said to the cat, nuzzling her. The cat meowed in response.

Jen was really beginning to feel better. Even though she knew her life was not going to be easy anymore without Henry in it, Jen felt free now. She didn't know where her life was going to be heading, but she felt that wherever it did lead she would be happy in the end.

She hangs around the boulevard She's a local girl with local scars  
She got home late She drank so hard the bottle ached & she tried &  
she tried & she tried but nothin's clear in a bar full a flies So she  
takes and she takes, she takes and she takes She understands when she  
gives it away She says Man I gotta get outta this town Man I gotta  
get outta this pain Man I gotta get outta this town Outta this town &  
out of L.A.

She's gotta gun She got a gun she calls the lucky one She left a note  
right by the phone Don't leave a message 'cause this ain't no home &  
she cried She cried so long her tears ran dry Then she laughed 'Cause  
she knew she was never comin' back She said

Man I'm gonna get outta this town Man I'm gonna get outta this pain  
Man I'm gonna get outta this town Outta this town & out of L.A. It's  
all she loves It's all she hates It's all too much for her to take  
she can't be sure just where it ends or where the good life begins So  
she took a train to a little old town without a name

She met a man he took her in but fed her all the same bullsh\*t again 'Cause he lied he lied like a salesman sellin' flies So she screamed it's a different place but the same old thang It's all I love It's all I hate It's all too much for me to take I can't be sure where it begins or if the good life lies within So she said

Man I gotta get out of this town Yeah now I gotta get back on that train Man I gotta get out of this town I'm outta my pain So I'm goin' back to L.A.

Jen layed sprawled accross her bed,her eyes fixed on the ceiling.Amaya was downstairs in the kitchen whipping up a batch of cookies with Grams.Since cooking wasn't exactly her niche,Jen opted to just wait up in her room.She looked towards Joanie.Joanie seemed fascinated by a ball of yarn that was beside her bed.

Jen felt kinda depressed.It was like being in a funk or something.An idea came to mind.Jack.She could call Jack.Jen sat up and reached for her phone.Just as her fingers touched the receiver,the phone rang.

"Hello.Who is this?"Jen asked.

Heavy breathing followed.

"HELLO?"Jen asked again,louder this time.

In a husky whisper that was barely discernable,someone said,"You are mine,Jen.We belong together."

"What?"Jen was seriously creeped out now.

"You'll see.I will make you see that we are meant to be,my Angel."The hoarse voice informed her.

Jen narrowed her eyes."Dawson,is this one of your cheap tricks?It's NOT funny."

"It's Dawson,isn't it?I will make him pay."

"Pay for WHAT?Wait,nevermind.I really don't want to know.Good-bye."With that,Jen slammed the reciever down.

Amaya burst into the bedroom with a plate of steaming choclate chip cookies."Hey,ready to devour these delectable cookies?",noticing the look on Jen's face,she added,"Hey Jen.What's the matter with you?"

"Someone like gave me this really phucked up crank phone call.I'll get over it."

Amaya shrugged,and set down the plate of cookies on Jen's bed with a plop."God,I really shouldn't be eating these.I'm 5'10" and I weigh 119 pounds.I used to weigh one hundred and five pounds.I've gotten so fat now that I can't even fit into a size one!My fitness trainer is not happy with me."

"Yet another reason to envy you.I'm 5'3" and weigh 130.I wear a size eight,while a size 4 hangs off you.Trust me,you have nothing to worry

about."Jen said.

Amaya considered this."I guess you're right.Well,I guess binging every now and then won't hurt perfection!"She picked up a cookie and began munching on it.

Jen laughed."That's the spirit!Still,I think that I could probaly go for a little weight loss."

"Why?"

"Just for a new look.I'm starting a new life now.I've been dressing the same way for a year.It's time for a few new changes."Jen strode to her vanity and scutinized herself in the mirror.

Amaya jumped up."That's a great idea!Tommorrow,I will treat you to a shopping spree,with a makeover throw in.We'll go to The King Of Prussia.It's this really great mall in Cambridge."

Jen have Amaya a hestitant look."I don't know Amaya.I really don't want to take advantage of you..."

"You won't be!Consider it an early 17th birthday present.Besides,since my mom won that court case last month,I've had more money than I know what to do with.So rest up, and we'll be off on the BEST shopping expenditure of your life!"Amaya annouced.

"Sure!"Jen replied entuastically.

Unbeknowst to the happy pair of friends,someone was watching them.Peering into the window of Jenifer's bedroom.The cell phone still clenched in his hand.Then his eye's turned toward the house of Dawson Leery,with a very nice ladder against the side of it.

Saturday Morning

This has been probaly the most fun I've ever had in my adolescent life."Jen exclaimed.

"Awww,both the advantage and downside to being rich.The advantage being able to shop wherever you want."Amaya said.

"And the downside?"

"Not knowing where to shop first!"Amaya proclaimed with a laugh.

The two girls were navigating around The King Of Prussia.It was a massive,four story mall that was crammed with exclusive stores,resturants, and other businesses.

Between them,Amaya and Jen had purchased about 10 bags of highly expensive clothes.Jen,normally accustomed to more modest no-name stores,was pretty much taken in by awe by the grandeur of the boutiques they had frequented."God,Amaya.This mall is so...not like cheap.I think one sweater I got was about \$300!"

"Actually,it was \$425.Besides,it was a Peruvian Connection

original. That's a pretty good price!"

"Oh, okay. So, what's next?" Jen asked eagerly.

Amaya lead her to the entrance of a saloon. "Need I say more?"

Jen giggled, bouncing up and down. She just felt, at that moment, that only happens things were in store for her.

The Following Monday

"You look gorgeous, Jen." Amaya assured Jen as they strode through the entrance of Capeside High Monday morning.

"I dunno, Maya. This is a really different look." Jen couldn't be more right. Her golden blonde hair had been dyed jet black with red streaks. Extensions had been added to her hair, which now flowed down to the middle of her back in a superstraight style. She had contacts in that made her hazel eyes look icy blue. Jen was wearing a beautifully crafted sweater from the Peruvian Connection with a pair of expensive black leather pants. Her black boots with high heels gave her an extra 3 inches in height. It was a far cry from the summerdress look she usual addonned.

"Well, whatever Jen. I think you and me had the best makeover ever, with the exception of Cher in Moonstruck." Amaya declared with a giggle. She had dyed her medium brown hair burgundy and cut it into a Rachel-inspired hairstyle. She was wearing contacts that made her eyes look purple, and she was wearing a long lacy skirt that had delicate designs with a peasant blouse. Definitely a lot more spacier than the tailored look Amaya had been going with for the past few years.

"Hey, look at Dawson." Jen said. He was leaning against his locker and looked totally depressed.

"Yo, Dawson. You look like something the cat dragged in. What's wrong?" Amaya called out to him.

Dawson snapped up his head. "When I was away for the weekend somebody viciously vandalized my bedroom. The person or persons completely destroyed my dvd's and videocassettes and every single script that I have been working on in the past 5 years. FIVE years of my life are GONE."

"Oh, Dawson." Jen and Amaya said sympathetically. They put their arms on him comfortingly. \*\*\*\*\* The Cafeteria

"I still can't believe someone would do that to you, Dawson." Jack said in disbelief. He was concerned about Dawson, but he couldn't help stealing glances at Jen. With her new look she looked like a GODDESS. Well, maybe just really, really good, Jack ammended. After all, he was gay and girls were not supposed to turn him on. Right? (The most blatant foreshadowing I've ever done!!!)

"It is obvious that whoever did this has an apparent lack of concern for other people." Dylan stated grimly. He flicked a lock of his gorgeous black hair out of his eye.

"Yeah, but WHO did it?" Amaya said.

"We'll probaly never know what sick,twisted person did this to me."Dawson declared.

Just then, Henry walked up to the table. "Hey, guys. Did I miss anything?" He asked chippily as he sat down next to Jen.

"Somebody went all postal over Daw's room and trashed it." Amaya informed him.

"Oh, really? That's just HORRIBLE." Henry said with a frown. Something was off with his voice, like he wasn't sincere or something.

"Let's just move on to the next topic. So, what do you think of our new looks, Hen?" Amaya asked.

"I like you better as a blonde." Henry said softly, gazing into Jen's eyes entirely too long. "You look good, Amaya." Henry added without looking away from Jen.

"Well, I'm thinking about getting a boob job. Should I go C cup or D?" Amaya said, wiggling her eyebrows. Everyone at the table began bagging up.

"So, Jen, do you wanna go with me to the theaters?" Henry asked Jen with a wide smile.

Jen tried to think of how to respond. "Umm, sure. I'd really love to do something as FRIENDS." Jen empathized the last word.

His smile faltered a little bit. "Of course, Jen. We're friends, right?" Henry tried to keep the disappointment out of his voice.

"Right!" Jen answered entuastically.

Henry looked at his watch. "See ya later guys. I need to meet with Coach." He got up and began to walk away.

"Bye." Everyone at the table said.

Jen turned her attention to Dylan. "You know, Dylan, you really have hair to die for. Your hair is so thick and silky. I wish I could have hair like that."

Dylan decided to play along. "Good thing I keep my hair long, right? Would you like to... touch it?" He said huskily.

"Of course I would." Jen confirmed with a seductive tone. "Mmm, I'm really liking this. Maybe even a little two much." She raised her hand in a slow manner and began to run her hands through Dylan's hair provactively. "Oh, yea!" Jen screamed.

"Touch my hair harder!" Dylan cried. "Aww, your hands!"

Everyone at the table went into fits of laughter.

Henry watched his Jen with her hands all over Dylan from the cafeteria doorway. Muttering a curse, he kicked the door.

So, what do you guys think should happen next?

End  
file.